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GRAPHIC

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FOREWORD.

The Graphic extends its scope and field with the support of twenty of the best known men in Los Angeles who have voiced their confidence in its editor in the most practical way possible, believing "that the cause of good government will be advanced by his securing some agency for the expression of his views . . . that this paper can be brought up to the best standard of publications of its order in the United States and will assist in the development of the right civic ideas in our admired Los Angeles."

We do not believe in making effusive promises concerning the scope and policy of the Graphic. Our aim will be to supply just as good a journal as the people of Los Angeles demand.

The Graphic is a journal of news, criticism and comment. Its sole standard will be TRUTH, with fairness to all men and dependence on none.

WINFIELD SCOTT.
R. H. HAY CHAPMAN.

MATTERS OF MOMENT

Political Outlook.

In lieu of more exciting campaign material the Republican press has been discussing Alton Brooks Parker's coat of arms and H. Gassaway Davis's old age. Judge Parker's motto is "Non fluctu nec flatu movetur" (He is not moved by wave or wind). But if Judge Parker is not moved by wind, how, asks the New York Sun, can he find the St. Louis platform "admirable"? On the other hand, the motto will be verified concerning the wave. "The Judge" will remain at Esopus, the sober, sane and silent sage. No wave, even Wall Street's, will carry Parker to the White House against the strong current of public opinion. The Parker arms, which are constantly reproduced just as a sample of Jeffersonian simplicity, are—Vert, a chevron, between three stage cabossed, or. It is refreshing to find the or (gold) which may have been the inspiration of the "bombshell" telegram. The facetious Sun points out that "cabossed" (represented alone and affronté; said of the head of a stag or roebuck when no part of the head is seen) stags have no legs to

run with; and a trippant stag is only walking or, at best, trotting. He has three hoofs on the ground. One fore hoof is lifted. He may have good action, but he lacks speed.

Henry Gassaway Davis's old age is a less frivolous matter. He is approaching his eighty-first birthday, but falls back on the cheery adage that a man is only as old as he feels. He still enjoys his nightly game of poker and no young Republican can bluff him. Yet the eastern press is analyzing with the cold-blooded accuracy of an insurance actuary Uncle Henry Gassaway's chances to survive another presidential term. The Chicago News points out that Mr. Davis, if elected, will be "fourteen years older than the oldest of the Presidents at the beginning of his term, and thirteen years older than the oldest of the Vice-Presidents on the date of his qualification for office." The News appeals to him to decline the nomination.

"The election of any man of such great age," said Elihu Root in his speech notifying Mr. Fairbanks of his nomination, "would furnish no safeguard to the American people against the disaster which would ensue upon the death of a President with a successor not competent to perform the duties of the Presidential office. It is common experience that very aged men, however bright and active they may appear for brief periods, can not sustain long-continued severe exertion. The demands of the Presidential office upon the mental and physical vitality are so great, so continuous, and so exhausting as to be wholly beyond the capacity of any man of eighty-five. The attempt by such a man to perform the duties of the office would with practical certainty be speedily followed by a complete breakdown, both of body and of mind. In contemplating the remote possibility of the election of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, the people of the country are bound to contemplate also as a necessary result of such an election in case of the President's death, that others, not chosen by the people, and we know not who, would govern in the name of a nominal successor unable himself to perform the constitutional duties of his office; or, worse still, that serious doubt whether the Vice-President had not reached a condition of inability within the meaning of a Constitution would throw the title to the office of President into dispute. The serious effect of such an event upon the government and upon business interests and general welfare of the country, and the serious effect even of the continual menace of such an event, must be apparent to every thoughtful mind."

Mr. Davis's nomination was on a par with the platform which the Argonaut calls "a hodge-podge of platitude and puerility," but its object was transparent. Uncle Henry Gassaway, although an octogenarian, is a very rich man, and it was planned of course to levy on him a very heavy assessment in return for the empty honor of a Democratic vice-presidential nomination. Mr. Davis's money will be spent all right, and it is to be hoped he will have some fun with it, but Mr. Davis's age is another excellent argument, if one were needed, against voting the Parker-Davis ticket.

Esopus is a pretty town;
They say it is a healthful one;
And, what is more, some one will find
It's a long, long way from Washington.
—Chicago Chronicle.

The War in Colorado.

Some day we shall get a consecutive and comprehensible record of the Russo-Japanese war. In the meantime we may congratulate ourselves that Walter Wellman, who for some months has been investigating the miners' war in Colorado, has given us a succinct and truthful account of that stain upon this country's good sense and honor. Mr. Wellman in his last letter to the New York Herald and the Chicago Record-Herald maintains that the war was "precipitated by a series of blunders on the part of the Western Federation of Miners—blunders so wicked and atrocious that they may fairly be called crimes. It was bad enough that these were crimes against society, against the prosperity of the State, against capital and industry. But they were more than that. For they were crimes against organized labor, against the cause of unionism everywhere, and more particularly here in Cripple Creek—against the very men and women in whose name the struggle was nominally begun and whose fate, whose homes and happiness were in the hands of the blundering leaders of that organization. The union men and women of Cripple Creek, and of Telluride, were the chief victims, the greatest sufferers. They had to pay a fearful price for the reckless, the vicious, the well-nigh insane conduct of their leaders." Wellman, whose reputation as a newspaper investigator for sagacity and fidelity to truth is unrivalled, continues: "I arraign Charles H. Moyer and William Haywood as the men who are to be held morally responsible for this crime against organized labor, this offense against our civilization. And I offer to convict them before a jury composed of the leaders of the decent, honorable labor organizations of the country."

Mr. Wellman reviews the history of the Western Federation of Miners, organized in Butte, Montana, in 1893. In nine years the Federation had absorbed thirty Colorado unions with a total membership of 11,000. Its first strike was at Cripple Creek in 1893-4. The union men established armed camps and ruled by terror. Governor Waite eventually succeeded in making a satisfactory settlement. In 1896, there was a strike at Leadville; many lives were sacrificed and troops were called in to restore order. Three years ago a strike was ordered at Telluride, which ended in the murder of the superintendent last year. The general strike was called a little over a year ago at Cripple Creek, when 3,300 men laid down their tools. Mr. Wellman narrates how thenceforth mine-owners tried to put non-union men to work, how rioting and bloodshed followed, which necessitated the calling out of the militia by Gov. Peabody. The history of the final struggle, led by Gen. Sherman Bell on behalf of law, righteousness and order, is one harrowing tale of the murder of mine-superintendents, dynamiting of innocent workers, and finally the declaration of martial law. In Mr. Wellman's judgment the Federation lost their last chance of victory by the abominable outrage of June 6, when thirteen non-union men were killed by a dynamite explosion at Independence. Mr. Wellman admits that the militia were paid by the mine-owners; that deportation was cheaper than judicial execution and that Gen. Bell preferred "post mortems to habeas corpora." "Today." Mr. Wellman concludes, "there is not a miners'

union left in Cripple Creek camp. Two thousand two hundred of Moyer and Haywood's victimized followers have renounced the union and signed Mine Owners' Association cards, without which they can not get work in camp. The other thousand are scattered over the West, seeking employment."

Once, and, it is hoped and believed, forever, the right of American citizens to accept employment without molestation has been established. It has been a bloody and disgraceful war, but if the unions have learned their lesson, it was well worth while.

The miners had an absolute right to strike if they did not choose to work more than eight hours a day, or if they resented their brethren working in the death-dealing smelters two shifts in the twenty-four hours instead of three. But they had no right, legal or human, to prevent by threats or blows any American citizen from winning bread by accepting whatever terms the owners chose to offer. Two wrongs can never make a right. If the owners sinned in their gluttony for gold, the miners could not correct it by still more shameful sin.

Neither capital nor labor can triumph by wrongdoing, and the union miners of Colorado have divorced themselves from every shred of sympathy in a once reasonable cause.

"Frenzied Finance."

Everyone who ever had a dollar in "Amalgamated Copper" is reading Thomas W. Lawson's startling disclosures in "Everybody's Magazine." Everyone who ever has a dollar to be tempted into the vortex of stock-gambling should read the series "Amalgamated Copper" hit a number of Angelenos very hard, from the wealthiest man among us to some of his clerks who followed his lead. If "Copper" had not still further slumped several points on a memorable Saturday morning, Henry J. Fleishman, in all probability, would still have been cashier of the biggest bank in this city. Such little turns of fortune or manipulation make many men "honest" or "dishonest." Lawson's exposure, written with abandoned frankness and a certain convincing truth, should prove a danger-signal to all men and women who are tempted to "get rich quick" by "playing" the stock market. Only fools imagine that such "good things" as "Amalgamated Copper" are invented for the financial edification of the people. The trick by which "Standard Oil" has become a national juggernaut is lucidly set forth in the following condensed account of Mr. Lawson's article in the current issue of "Everybody's":

"B," a Western farmer, tills his soil and receives, by the sale of his wheat, a particular \$10,000, which he then deposits in The Bank. "C," purchases with \$3300 ("B's" money) which he borrows from The Bank, a copper mine, depositing the title which he receives from the seller with The Bank as collateral for the \$3300. After purchasing, he arbitrarily calls the copper mine worth \$10,000. Then, arbitrarily, "C" organizes his \$3300 of copper property into the Arbitrary Copper Company, and issues to himself a piece of paper, which he arbitrarily stamps "\$10,000 stock dollars." This he takes to The Bank, and, by loan or other device, exchanges it for the remaining \$6700 belonging to "B." The next step is where "C" sells his \$3300 stamped "\$10,000 stock dollars" (which, as already shown, he has exchanged with The Bank for the \$10,000 deposited by "B"), to "B" for \$10,000, which \$10,000 "B" withdraws from The Bank by simply making out a check in favor of "C;"

"C" deposits "B's" check with The Bank and hereby liquidates his \$10,000 indebtedness to The Bank. "B," the farmer, who has contracted for new machinery and other necessities and luxuries, to be paid for "next season," attempts next season to turn his 10,000 stock dollars into real dollars, and "C," the Private Thing, knowing their real value to be but \$3300, refuses to make the exchange, but instead, by proclaiming their real value, compels "B," who must have real dollars to meet his debts, to sell them for what "C," the Private Thing, is willing to pay. "C," the Private Thing, is willing to pay their worth, which he alone knows is \$3300; he repurchases them at that price from "B," that he may repeat the operation at the return of the next "wave of the country's prosperity."

Men and women, with a few spare dollars to invest and feverish with the desire to "get rich quick" should learn by heart Lawson's conviction that "There exists today uncontrolled in the hands of a set of men a power to make dollars from nothing." But those dollars are made for "The Private Thing"—themselves and not for the dear public. The dear public's hard cash goes to pay preliminary expenses of promotion and advertisement.

Twentieth Century Frivolity.

Many of you know Dr. Henry Van Dyke by his books, by his love of nature and of the piscatorial art, and by his sincere, broad Christianity. Some of us remember him with keen appreciation when he visited Los Angeles about a year ago. Dr. Van Dyke has been attending the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance Convention in England, and his address on "Christianity and Current Literature," according to a London paper, touched "the oratorical high-water mark." The eminent Presbyterian spoke of the three "mischievous and perilous tendencies" of the twentieth century, branding them thus:

The idolatry of glory and conquest.
The idolatry of wealth.
The growing spirit of frivolity.

"A sane and virile and lovable literature" is the antidote that Dr. Van Dyke propounds. Frivolity is eagerly seized upon by men and women as a relief from the cares and pressure of the stress of modern life. Both men and women crave for excitement in which reason or virility has no place. The variety theater or some trivial magazine alone seems to provide recreation for the man who has spent all his day money-grubbing: for the woman, if she has been busy all day "climbing" in society, planning dresses or parading them at pink teas and has no engagement for the evening. They infinitely prefer a musical comedy to Shakespeare or the latest copy of "The Smart Set" to one of Addison's essays, or even Van Dyke's latest book. They have been "thinking" all day: they do not want to "think,"—except at Bridge—during their evening's entertainment or recreation.

The disease is not merely national, it is international. "The Lady's Pictorial," a fairly sane English journal, which is not in the habit of fouling its own nest, says:

"Since the magnificent times of the Roman Empire there has never been a period when people have been so over-fed, over-amused and over-stimulated, as in the imperial London of today." Some English apologists attribute the idolatry of wealth and the growing spirit of frivolity to American influences, maintaining that trans-Atlantic millionaires, their wives and their daughters have set the new pace of money-spending and ostentation. Certain

it is that where an Englishwoman used to spend \$100 on a gown she now spends \$200, in order to vie with her American cousin, who by her brightness of dress, of speech and manners, has distanced her.

Christ himself could not teach all of his disciples that truth and love were of more value than money, and the present generation will pay little heed to Dr. Van Dyke's arraignment of dollar-worship. But most men who devote their time and their talents to the pursuit of wealth—and most of us, even if we do not care for it, have to get it—have little time for frivolity themselves. Many of them, indeed, would be better, could work and last longer, if occasionally they did "frivol." They are content to let their wives and their daughters "frivol" and to rear their children in an atmosphere of frivolous excitement. Dr. Henry Van Dyke is a true exponent of "the simple life" and the world should stop a few seconds to listen to his note of the only true happiness.

What people read and their avenues of amusement supply the truest test of national taste. The question asked by Mrs. Atherton in the North American Review, "Is American Literature Bourgeois?" has not yet been answered satisfactorily. We are very strenuous in our business but very frivolous in our mental recreation.

KIND WORDS.

R. H. Hay Chapman, long identified with the press of this city, has entered the Graphic Publishing Company. The directors of the company are Winfield Scott, R. H. Hay Chapman, B. R. Baumgardt, C. S. Sprecher, Daisy C. Scott and Laura Hay Chapman. The capital is fixed at \$10,000. Mr. Chapman is one of the ablest writers in the West. He is best known in this city through his connection with the Herald, of which he was managing editor for some years. He has a fine literary style. Personally, Mr. Chapman has a strong following and is one of the best-liked men in Los Angeles. The Graphic is fortunate in having such a man on its staff.—*Los Angeles Examiner*.

Winfield Scott, publisher of the Graphic, has been joined in the enterprise by R. H. Hay Chapman. Since Mr. Scott assumed control of the Graphic the publication has become a successful venture and with ample capital back of the concern, and so accomplished a writer as Mr. Chapman actively interested, it is promised that the publication will be enhanced in interest, new departments added and the scope of the weekly increased.—*Los Angeles Express*.

Articles of incorporation were filed by the Graphic Publishing Company Friday in the office of the county clerk. The Graphic is a bright literary weekly. It will be enlarged and under the editorial and business management of W. Scott and Chapman, will take its place in the front rank of Los Angeles illustrated papers.—*Los Angeles Record*.

Young Hopeful—"Father, what is a 'traitor in politics?' This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one." Veteran Politician—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one." Young Hopeful—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes to ours?" Veteran Politician—"A convert, my son."—*Boston Transcript*.

BY THE WAY

Judge Oster's Decision.

It would have been a serious setback to the cause of good government had Judge Oster found flaws in the constitutionality of the provision in the city charter for the "recall" of a faithless official. Judge Oster's decision is clear and comprehensive in denying Councilman Davenport's application for an injunction restraining the city from proceeding with an election. It is, of course, to be presumed that General Otis and other of Mr. Davenport's "philanthropic" friends, who have been providing the sinews of legal war, will shove the unfortunate councilman's cause onwards and upwards to the supreme court, which, the Los Angeles Times assures us, has preconceived notions concerning the constitutionality of the "recall." But the supreme court of California does not read the law through an Otisian glass and therefore does not suffer from strabismus. The milk of the cocoanut is in Judge Oster's declaration that "The recall is acted upon, not by the Council, but by **The People in the Exercise of their Sovereign Right.**" It was not anticipated by the promoters of direct legislation that it would be necessary, for some time at least, to use the "recall" as more than "a big stick," carried in case of emergency, but some of the present councilmen, heedless of the club the people had fashioned and held over their heads, provoked the indignation of citizens to a practical test. Only selfish individuals, corporations looking for unjust privileges, and dishonest or inefficient officials, need fear the judgment of the "recall." It is true that a few constitutional theorists maintain that the "recall" is a blow against the system of government by "representation," but the "recall" will never touch the true representative, its mission being to discipline only the **misrepresentative**. The extreme value of the "recall" is corrective rather than punitive. It should also caution corporations against nominating and electing unworthy citizens to violate the best interests of the city. Corporations may nominate councilmen in a machine-made convention; they may elect them by similar machine process; but if the people without a machine can remove an unworthy representative it deprives the corporation juggernaut of some of its terror and danger. Corporations who conduct their politics on business-like principles will not invest their money in a councilman only to be recalled by the people as soon as they find him out, even if they have not taken the trouble or have not the wits to build a machine of their own with which to nominate and elect their own councilmen.

Flint in the Lead.

That Frank P. Flint made a favorable impression at Santa Cruz is admitted by political friend and foe. The most powerful elements in the Republican "organization" are lending him all their aid, but Mr. Herrin disappointed everyone by rushing off to resume his grouse-hunting in Oregon before the Santa Cruz convention adjourned and before delegates and candidates could importune him with

knocking at his door. Mr. Herrin retains his sphinx-like attitude and insists that he is playing no favorites. While it is not claimed, in the light of past experience, that the Southern Pacific can elect the California representatives in the senate, it is asserted, and with good reason, that the powers vested in Mr. Herrin can prevent the election of any man they do not favor. Therefore Herrin's friendship is courted by most candidates, even if they do not subscribe to his instructions. The man who will boldly throw down the gauntlet to Mr. Herrin and declare he prefers to be elected by the will of the people, independently of the Southern Pacific Republican machine's assistance, is yet to be discovered. Frank Flint has started an energetic personal campaign, stumping the state, to show the electorate what manner of man he is and to assure them of his independent candidacy. While not a brilliant speaker, Flint has the magnetism of sincerity which lasts longer than the most ornate rhetoric. George Knight, whom Mr. Herrin is said to favor from personal motives, must rely mainly on his oratory, which, however, is to be devoted to the middle west until after November. George Knight's sole chance of success depends on a hopeless deadlock between Flint and Oxnard. Flint's chance depends on what strength in votes he can gather together in the north to add to his fourteen south of the Tehachepi. Oxnard's chance depends on his becoming residuary legatee to Bard's southern vote and on his corraling sufficient in the north. At the present writing—still four full months before the legislature convenes—it looks to me as if Flint should be favorite in the senatorial stable.

It is the Bard of Huh!-eneme now.

Our Real Bosses.

Collier's Weekly continues its sane and non-partisan analysis of the presidential campaign. It supports my conviction that the corporations and not the people are the real rulers in the United States today. It points out that only a small minority of our most august body, the Senate of our country, is free from corporation rule today; that many a state is ruled by railroads. It quotes the domination over New Hampshire by the Boston and Maine, but it may be ignorant that the last California legislature was absolutely controlled by one man, William F. Herrin of the Southern Pacific, represented by his three lieutenants, John C. Lynch, who really re-elected Perkins senator, Jere Burke, and Walter F. Parker. "Nothing" declares my contemporary, "is so important in passing upon a candidate for Governor, Senator, or President, as to discover whether he stands with this corporation rule or not."

"Sometimes" continues Collier's, "we seem too moderate to angry philosophers who stand helplessly fulminating in the street. When we mentioned Edison, President Eliot, and Mark Twain as among the Americans who had lived long enough to be tested thoroughly and prove their eminence, one load of sarcasm descended upon us thus: 'Why make use of such tergiversations? Who cares about the men you mention? For the great and glorious American people, the only standard of comparison, the sole criterion of a man's worth, is Money.' We had spoken of Mr. Cleveland, approvingly, as a Rhinoceros. Our contributor objects: 'We, the people, don't want a Rhinoceros, we want a Cor-

morant. We want the Grand Giasticudus of the Guild of Cormorants, who eat up the substance, suck the very marrow of seventy-nine millions of damned fools. Long live the King of all the American Cormorants, John D. Rockefeller. Let his wealth be centupled, until he owns the whole earth. Our friend is liberal in his calculation. The fools, in our arithmetic, are less. The people who put money first are fewer. They are too many, however, and any movement for destroying independence and ambition, will have our warm support."

Treachery or Blunder.

If the affront to Henry T. Oxnard at Santa Cruz last week was deliberately planned, it was as dirty a piece of politics as has ever been brought off even in California. Mr. Oxnard was warned against "the Greeks bringing gifts," and himself had expressed a strong aversion to being a candidate for the electorship of the eighth congressional district. He pointed out that he was a candidate for the U. S. senate and that he did not wish to stand in any one's way for another honor, which he did not covet in the least; also that his acceptance of the electorship might confound the public mind by the suggestion that he had abandoned his main pursuit for a humbler honor. But the party organization needed Mr. Oxnard's twenty-five hundred dollars, the contribution which was to accompany the honor, and his objections were overridden. He only stipulation was that there should be no contest for the honor and the Greeks promised him that their gift should be presented to him on a silver salver. The fact that the machine "forgot" to issue its orders for a reversal of the program—Richard Melrose had been on the slate for two weeks as a sop for his defeat for the nomination to the state senate—was either the result of cold-blooded treachery or of extraordinary negligence on the part of the programmer-in-chief. There is no doubt that had the delegates been informed of the change in program they would have flocked like sheep to the Oxnard corral. But the watch-dogs did not bark in time. In extenuation of Walter Parker's most unusual lapse of memory, it is explained that there had been no intention to appoint the elector in the congressional district convention and that the nomination of Senator Smith was all the business that the district convention was expected to transact. I prefer to believe it was a blunder rather than treachery, and I think the evidence points that way. Furthermore, I am by no means convinced that it was Walter Parker who blundered. A portion of the state press has, however, insisted that it was a deliberately planned job on the part of "the machine" to humiliate Oxnard. Instead of humiliating Oxnard—for the facts of the actual transaction have been made perfectly clear—the affront, designed or accidental, to a man who has borne himself bravely and honestly in a difficult campaign, has been hotly resented by all decent Republicans. No man expresses more regret for the incident than Frank P. Flint. Mr. Oxnard courts no sympathy for what he admits was a most humiliating affair, but he insists with renewed vehemence that he will continue to be a candidate for the U. S. senate until the legislature has cast its last ballot. Once more he comes up smiling, and Californians admire such pluck.

Lay It To Otis.

The leaders and the rank and file of the Otis-Tom Flint-Bulla-Hughes-Wade contingent have finished their long and rather extensive post mortem of what happened at the Republican primaries. The consensus of opinion is that General Otis and the Times were wholly responsible for the beating that was given. "Hughes had his wires laid well," said one of the Chief Mourners, "and all of the others had done their part. But the people would not get out and vote and the reason was that they were not in accord with Otis's attack on the other candidates and his bitter blows at McLachlan. If ever one man spoiled another's plans, Otis is the man who ruined what Tom Hughes had built up. There are men whose adherence to a cause is enough to defeat it, and Otis is the man who beat us." How to unload Otis without hurting the Old Man's feelings or exciting his anger is what is puzzling the others.

Snyder to See Herrin.

If M. P. Snyder has not already gone to San Francisco by the time this issue of the Graphic appears, he will be on the way within a very short time. "M. P." is going to see W. F. Herrin, and his mission is to induce Herrin to order Tom McCaffery, the Democratic railroad political sage, to get in behind Snyder's aspirations for another mayoralty term. Snyder has lately been telling his friends that he has the nomination cinched. He is looking for a fight against him in the primaries, for he knows that most of the Democratic district workers have sharpened their knives for his political scalp. Curious to relate, he expects the Republican push to win the primaries for him, just as he expects Republican voters to elect him. I am told, by the way, that Tom McCaffery is already making fearful grimaces at the prospect of being told by Herrin that Snyder's brand of crow is a palatable dish. McCaffery hates "M. P." with a fervor equalled only by the great majority of Democratic politicians who have seen themselves given the go-by and the good plums parcelled out at the Jonathan Club.

To Beat Lauder?

Unless there arises an unprecedented political revolution, Ben Lauder will certainly be elected supervisor in the Second District. He will be elected because he will receive:

1. The corporation vote.
2. The liquor vote.
3. The straight Republican vote.
4. The vote of those Republicans who believe that the voice of a convention is the voice of God.
5. The push vote.
6. The colored vote.
7. A good portion of the Democratic vote.

A great protest against Lauder has been raised since the supervisorial convention, chiefly by the Anti-Saloon League, and by the Evening Express. I believe myself that if Lauder is elected he will prove more or less of a gold brick to the influences that nominated him, but that is not a matter for present discussion.

Ben Lauder, to my mind, is the embodiment of existing conditions in American political life. Some

worse men than he have been nominated to public office, and needless to say, many better men. He is a typical creation of political trade and combination. For two years he has industriously nursed and wetted his hope of being supervisor. While the elements that now oppose him peacefully slumbered, he worked. Now that he has gained what he wanted, the men who do not wish to see him supervisor, have themselves to blame.

Let us analyze Lauder's support.

First the corporations. They are in politics for business. They want privileges, concessions and favors. They will swerve in any direction to get what they are after. It is dollars and cents with them. Their influence in municipal politics is always an evil but they are doing what ninety-nine men in a hundred would do if they had the chance. All of the quasi-public corporations had some interest in Lauder's success except the Lowe Gas companies. The attorney of the Lowe companies was working like a beaver for Alexander, and the Los Angeles Lighting company went in tooth and nail for Lauder. The participation of both in such a convention was infamous. What business had they seeking to control men who might afterward pass on their financial interests?

Second, the liquor vote. This vote is in politics, not out of sentiment, but for business. In the past two years many precincts in the rural districts have gone "dry." That is to say, they are nominally "dry," for experience has shown that wherever a licensed saloon is closed a "club" or a "blind pig" usually sets up in business. As far as I can see the net result of a "dry" precinct is that drinking goes on without police surveillance—possibly with police connivance—and the county loses so much license money. But there is another side of the question, and that is the liquor dealers' side. The business exists by sufferance of the law-making power and naturally the liquor interest seeks to control law-making bodies. If such bodies are against them, their business can be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye and they have no recourse at law to recover the amount of their financial loss. Men sitting on a powder keg like that are apt to be pretty watchful. If we had the proposed British system of indemnification for losses, so incurred, the liquor element would perhaps be less active in politics—but we haven't it.

Third, the straight Republican vote. This is a presidential year. The ticket is long. Men are slower to scratch on such occasions.

Fourth, the vote bound by convention. This is made up of those who "run with the machine." Either for past favors or future aspiration. They will stand where the machine says to stand and they don't need hitching.

Fifth, the push vote. Its sympathy for Lauder's candidacy is outspoken and it votes early and works after it votes.

Sixth, the colored vote. Lauder stands strong with the colored population. When he was a councilman his patronage was second in value and number of people, only to that of E. L. Blanchard. Lauder saw to it that the colored brother was not shut off from the pie counter.

Seventh, Democratic voters. They will be cared for when the distribution of good things is due.

These are the component parts of the machinery that is to be employed in seating Lauder. The dis-

trict is normally very strongly Republican, but the same elements saw to it that James Ashman was made the Democratic nominee. The gas fight had its influence in naming Ashman. The Lowe company representatives favored M. T. Collins, and the Los Angeles Lighting company stood with Ashman.

Now what is to be done? George Alexander, the present supervisor, who was a candidate against Lauder, has said that he might run as an independent candidate. He is confronted at the outset with this mass of "associated political influence." He has no machine—only the Anti-Saloon League—and to rouse public opinion he has his own voice, the energies of men who abhor the influences enumerated above, and a widely read organ, the Evening Express.

There is a lesson to be read from this nomination of Lauder. It is that if the people really wish to prevent the nomination of such men as he, they must organize a machine of their own and take orders from its leaders just as machine politicians of small calibre take orders from their recognized leaders. It may be a very satisfying thing for the better element to meet, to pass resolutions deploring the nomination of Lauder and then to go home and peacefully to bed, but that will not win a single primary, or control a single convention or carry a single election. Men of the sort named must be just as willing to work in the ranks as to talk at indignation meetings.

I don't know a better instance of the political value of machine work than that afforded by the much abused, but potent, ninth ward machine. Banded together for patronage it gets what it wants. But occasionally a power in the machine is wielded for an ideal. Before the primaries, yes all this year, Dr. George W. Campbell, who besides being one of the four recognized heads of this machine, is a church member, said to all inquirers: "I don't want anything this year but the vote of the ninth ward for George Alexander for supervisor. You can have anything else I can give in return, but I want that." He traded for this and that until he got what he went after. It was the lily-white Fourth Ward that nominated Lauder, not the despised Ninth.

Organize a machine gentlemen, and then you can "do business."

MY NEW STUDIO

Occupying the entire top floor at 338 S. Broadway will be equipped and opened about September fifteenth.



Present Studio 220½ South Spring.

And by the way, didn't I hand out a tip last week that Street Superintendent Werdin was spending a barrel of money to effect his renomination? I haven't heard that the Municipal League or any other organization is doing anything to offset Mr. Werdin's activity.

The War.

Peter Finley Dunne, the godfather of Mr. Dooley, is giving us just as reliable news concerning events in the Orient as the hampered correspondents in khaki and distress. In his last wireless telegram Mr. Dooley says: "Th' Rooshyans is sweepin' ivry-thing befor' them in their mad rush to Saint Peters-burg. Their navy has been uniformly victoryous, in some cases blowin' up higher thin th' wurruld's record an' in other cases batin' all preevious time out to sea an' back again. Port Arthur has fallen as often as a gradyate iv th' Keeley cure."

Adam waxed sarcastic.

"If they want Port Arthur to fall," he snarled, "why don't they offer it an apple?"

With a vicious kick at the ichthyosaurus, he passed into the darkness.—*New York Sun*.

Fitzgerald's Suit.

The news that Gerald Purcell Fitzgerald of Ireland, India and Duarte, had instituted proceedings against his wife, formerly Miss Elinor Nicholls of Uniontown, Pa., has struck consternation into the hearts, guilty and innocent, of several Southern Californians. For it is known that Mrs. Fitzgerald promptly commenced a counter-suit, charging her husband with transgression of the matrimonial limit in Santa Monica, Pasadena, Los Angeles, and elsewhere in Southern California. It is a piteous and an ugly tale. I have no desire to exploit it in these columns. There is however an inevitable lesson to be drawn from this miserable chapter of jealousy and disgrace, which is that people who abandon their lives to excitement, social, intellectual or physical, consign their own souls and other people's honor to perdition. I am glad 5,000 miles divides us from this noxious fight, but I fear we shall be treated eventually to its complete exploitation. There is very little chance of the English courts granting either party a divorce, in which case Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald will probably sail promptly for the United States, to shake off the bands which they cannot unshackle in Great Britain.

California Tennis.

Alphonso Bell seems to have been inspired by little May Sutton's brilliant example and is playing some hot tennis in the east. The final of the all-comer's singles in the international championship at Niagara-on-the-Lake last Saturday brought together Robert Leroy of New York and A. E. Bell, the California champion, and after five deuce sets of brilliant tennis the latter won out, his steadiness and smashing being his strong points. Score: 7-5, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2. Alphonso plays with a good deal more "heart" than in the old days when Lou Freeman used to find him a comparatively "easy mark." Bell in those days was beaten before he left the dressing room, but his final victory two years ago over his old Pasadena antagonist "renewed a right spirit within him." I wonder if Lou Freeman has by this time taught the young ladies of Samoa the joys of "pat-ball." Nothing has been heard of Sinclair's yachting party for some months.

Angeleno Autoists Abroad.

The success of last week's automobile meet at Del Monte seems to have been unqualified. Only local and practically only stock cars competed and yet several records were broken; there were no "spills," the track and the weather were perfect. Frank Garbutt's specially constructed racer was put out of commission early in the game, and Dr. Hill's forty-horse-power Mors also succumbed to the stock cars. Ryus' White Ghost did some of the best work during the meeting but was unreliable; in some races it made as good as 2:04 and in others fell back to 2:12. W. K. Cowan in his Rambler, sixteen-horse power, in last Sunday's race for touring cars, \$1,000 to \$2,550, covered the distance in 3:33 1-5, and got a terrible shaking up over the road, breaking the seat of his car. Herbert Cutler Brown, the president of the Southern California Association, attended the meeting. The feature of the meet, according to H. A. French, the Chronicle's expert, was the development of an amateur driver in George P. Fuller of San Francisco, who can safely be pitted against any driver, amateur or professional, in the country. Fuller is practically new to the racing game, and yet the skill he showed on the fast Del Monte track has rarely been equaled. Even Barney Oldfield himself shows no greater skill in taking his corners than was shown by Fuller at Del Monte, while his perfect command of his car was shown in one of Saturday's races in which he fairly played with his opponent, and so cleverly timed his spurts that merely a few inches separated the men at the finish. The evenness of his driving is another remarkable feature. Fuller, in driving, slips well down into his seat, and nurses his wheel well up at his right shoulder. He keeps his body free, and sways well in on the turns, taking them without a quaver of the car and with the least possible amount of skidding. Fuller is enthusiastic over the game, and is to have a new racing car of sixty horse-power from the Pope-Toledo factory. The car driven by him in the Del Monte races was a four-cylinder Pope-Toledo twenty-four-horse-power machine of stock pattern, stripped for racing and geared for speed.

Driving Club's Loss.

The Los Angeles Driving Club has suffered a



The Dining Place
Where Everything
Tastes So Good

severe loss by the removal to San Francisco of its efficient and energetic assistant secretary, Mrs. F. E. Chandler. The directors, the other day, passed a handsome resolution, signed by Byron Erkenbrecker, president, and Dr. Ralph Hagan, secretary, commending Mrs. Chandler's good work and wishing her God-speed. Mrs. Chandler's services to the club have been invaluable and her place will be hard to fill. The club has done much for pure amateur sport and in conjunction with the Polo Club will take good care that man's best friend is not lost sight of in the automobile rage. The other officers and directors of the Driving Club are William Dodge, vice president; C. A. Canfield, treasurer, and H. N. Henderson, William Garland, Thomas Hughes, Dr. W. W. Hitchcock, H. G. Bumdrem, J. A. Fairchild and Dr. J. A. Edmonds.

Luther Burbank's Work.

A magazine article or two, a few brief newspaper notices, says Everybody's Magazine, are most of the fame yet granted to Mr. Luther Burbank, of California. He is too busy and too useful to care for more. He is a patient observer, a scientific breeder of flowers and fruits. Out of the apricot and the plum he has produced a new fruit, the plumbcot. He has deprived the prune of its pit and the plum of its stone. He has robbed the dahlia of its unpleasant smell and given it fragrance. He has made the blackberry white, doubled the gladiolus, put red, white, and pink blossoms at the same time on the pink, painted the rose, called forth a hardy daisy with a long stem and a large blossom. This is true beneficent and creative work. How many thousand politicians and captains of industry would it take to make one Luther Burbank?

Shepard Burned Brown.

Have you seen Finlay Shepard, the Santa Fe's handsome superintendent, since he returned from fighting floods, cloudbursts and washouts in Arizona? He is browner than the berry and ruddier than the cherry, burned to a neutral tint by exposure before the territorial sun. For a month Mr. Shepard has been battling with the elements which worked unprecedented havoc to the Santa Fe. He only returned to civilization after the line was entirely repaired and trains were running on regular schedule. Shepard has proved himself as efficient in the field as in his office; he is one of the coming railroad men of the country.

Pardees at Long Beach.

Long Beach, the city by the sea, which is vastly more interested in looking out for the occasional "blind pig," and keeping up its reputation as a prohibition town than it is in following the fads of society, became, to all intents and purposes, a fashionable watering place the past week, for the women got out their best gowns, and the men brushed the famous Long Beach soil from beneath their coat collars. From Monday until Friday afternoon there was an air of expectancy, and then faith be-

came sight. The Governor and his lady arrived, and the strain was over. Governor and Mrs. Pardee came down in order that the former might address the Farmers' Institute. He had been asked, he told me, probably because he knows absolutely nothing about farming, and the poor farmers had no fear that he would harp on the same old string that had furnished their only music for the entire week of the Farmers' Institute at Long Beach. Mrs. Pardee came down for a rest, it was announced, and she was not at all on dress parade. Indeed Mrs. Pardee is the most unpretentious looking of women when her mind is made up to rest, and for the most part she wore sombre gowns that disappointed all the other women, who had expected to get a few hints for their late summer toilettes from the first lady of the state. It occurs to me just here, to recall the fact that Mrs. Pardee created a sensation among the extremely fashionable ones, by wearing a high neck gown at the inaugural ball. When the ball following the inauguration of Governor Gage took place, Mrs. Gage appeared in a decollete gown of the most approved make. Mrs. Pardee, however, had ideas of her own. She was handsomely attired, to be sure, but her bodice fitted closely at the throat, and her sleeves reached to the elbow. Several women who had gone up from Los Angeles to attend the ball, said, "Well, well!" and several women from the North responded, "Well, well!" but they all agreed that Mrs. Pardee looked handsome, and was, after all, the best dressed woman in the room. The Governor's wife has an intellectual face, framed in dark hair, just lightened with a touch of silver. She is reserved with mere acquaintances, but genial with her friends. Governor and Mrs. Pardee were guests at the Julian Hotel while in Long Beach.

"Why don't you get married? Two can live as cheaply as one."

"Perhaps, but two can't live as extravagantly as one."

Orr-Boothe.

Miss Elsie Orr and Sterling Boothe, who were married Wednesday evening, announced the date of their wedding after a long engagement. They had been betrothed ever since the return of the Orrs from abroad, but owing to the illness of Mrs. Orr, the marriage was postponed from time to time. The death of Mrs. Orr occurred early in the year, and this summer it was decided that the wedding should take place before fall, although naturally there was no desire on the part of the bride and groom to make a fashionable event of it, and the ceremony was very simple, taking place at the Orr home and being witnessed by few friends aside from the relatives. Katherine Kurtz stood with the bride and Earl Boothe with his brother. Mrs. Boothe, who is a daughter of B. F. Orr, is a quiet, lovable little body, making few pretensions, and yet being one of the most highly accomplished girls in local society. Young Boothe is the son of C. B. Boothe, secretary of the National Irrigation Association.

Sports

REDONDO HOTEL

Sports

Wednesday Evenings--Dinner and Theatricals

Saturday Evenings--Parties

"Bishop Potter Cocktail."

Bishop Potter's brave sponsorship of the Subway Tavern in New York, is still a valuable topic for discussion in eastern papers, as long as "the silly summer season" holds out and Port Arthur refuses to fall. Ministers of all creeds and coats have been interviewed but the best reply was from a clergyman who had made a personal investigation of the Potter saloon and only said to the reporter: "I am speechless." Another minister has already proved a prophet. The Rev. Newton Caldwell said on August 26th that we should be having a "Bishop Potter Cocktail" next, and it has already arrived. It is said to have the opalescent hue of a church window, and to "have been specially designed as a Sunday morning bracer." It had its origin in the Waldorf-Astoria, and the head barkeeper there affirms that he has already worked up a great Sunday morning trade. The formula for the new drink is as follows:

One dash of orange bitters in a mixing glass.
Five drops of Peruvian bitters.
One dash of Italian vermouth.
One dash of French vermouth.
One jigger of dry gin.

Fill the glass with chipped ice, and while you stir the mixture with the ecclesiastical spoon, have the cocktail glass chilled with shaved ice.

After it is consumed, one can almost hear the interlude on the pipe-organ, while two of them will make any one hear the pretty soprano in the organ loft sing the solo which is so peaceful and restful.

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Francis Murphy's Holiday.

Francis Murphy, the apostle of temperance, who has won a warm corner in the hearts of all liberal-minded men by his tolerance and Christian charity, left this week to spend a brief holiday with his sons in the East. Mr. Murphy has fought a good fight here, and has won to his banner all sorts and conditions of men—men, who can take a drink when they think they need it and who know when they have had enough, and men to whom alcohol is soul and body destroying poison. Brother Murphy follows in his Master's footsteps and does more good by his kindly smile and firm grasp of the hand than all the rabid prohibitionists in the state. He is the friend of publicans and sinners and not their sworn enemy.

He would insist upon a puff
From papa's meerschaum pipe;
We must admit the sequel's rough:
The dear child had a gripe.

Men's Corset Craze.

I used to think that the only males who adorned their abdomens and confined their chests with corsets were Ouida's guardsmen, whose valets sprinkled them with Eau de Cologne after their matutinal ablutions and then carefully laced their stays, while their barbed steeds pranced in the courtyard beneath their latticed windows. But it seems that the corset is being recommended as a hygienic device by one of Los Angeles' most popular physicians. Elderly gentlemen with a tendency to embonpoint in the wrong place are directed to a corset-maker's establishment, where for the modest sum of \$7.50, Madame will treat the most difficult case and reincase it in corsets that are guaranteed to give a strictly soldierly figure. Elderly beaux at the clubs are quoting Dr. H.'s prescription with zeal. They do not ascribe the virtue of the corset to the fact that it improves their figures but to the hygienic principle(?) that an unnatural elevation of the stomach induces easier and more healthy breathing. I commend this male corset craze to the earnest study of the W. C. T. U., confident that a fruitful field lies before them for scrupulous investigation.

The Walking Stick Fad.

Alice Roosevelt's introduction of the walking stick fad has won many imitators among lovers of novelty, but it is not until recently that the custom has obtained in Los Angeles. When Mazie Mather, that vicious blonde of many charms, came this summer from the North to visit Major and Mrs. John Norton, she brought with her her walking stick. It was quite as much a part of her summer outfit as the white duck suit and chic hat that emphasized her dark beauty. The canes, of course, are not in any sense intended for use. They are too slight and short for that, and the dainty maids who carry them use them as mere playthings. It must be admitted, however, that carried by the right girl, the walking stick adds something of a jaunty air that may sometimes be fetching. This is true in the case of Miss Mather, and it is possible that the young woman knows it. It is safe to say, however, that there never was a fad, useful, pretty, or otherwise, that was not overworked and became abominable before its first season was over. With so apparently senseless a fashion as that of the

walking stick, the limit was reached here one day this week, when I met an elderly woman, much over-dressed, and with a drug store complexion that rivaled the milky whiteness of an infant's skin—twirling a bejeweled cane of the correct style. The woman is a respectable dame who lives out West Adams street way, but she has overlooked the eternal fitness of things in more instances than that of the walking stick.

A Budding Dramatist.

Miss Lucile Walton, at Catalina Island, has been entertaining the Misses Nora and Ruth Sterry this week, the Sterrys going over from Terminal Island, where the family lives. It is gratifying to residents at Terminal to know that the presentation of the little drama, "Aunt Susan," recently given there under the direction of Miss Sterry, was such a financial success that more than \$100 was cleared for the benefit of the chapel, in which every person at the Island is interested. "Aunt Susan," it will be remembered, was written by Miss Sterry, and parts in the play were taken by herself, Ruth Sterry and Norman Sterry. It was a fashionable audience that gathered at the South Coast Yacht Club to see the play, and after the performance, the general verdict of those in attendance was that Miss Sterry possesses genius, and might easily succeed as a writer of more pretentious pieces if she had opportunity to concentrate her mind upon this class of work.

Impending Divorce.

Another divorce case is being outlined by the gossips, and will, I have no doubt, be ready for the courts in the course of a short while. The matter has been discussed so unguardedly at all the fashionable tea parties and dinners of the season, both in and out of town, that I should commit no sin in giving the names. The thing that interests me most, is the fact that the Country Club is being blamed for the separation, for it has come to that, and the wife is now at home with her father. It is said that Mrs. Blank found such agreeable diversion at the Country Club that she acquired a distaste for her home, and that her husband, who is domestic in his tastes, but a bit of a hypochondriac, was finally looked upon by his helpmate as a humdrum, uninteresting person, who pleased her most when he kept out of sight. Of course there is the husband's side to the story, but the domestic difficulty is there just the same, and the wise ones are shaking their heads and looking towards Pico Heights with deprecating eyes. It is convenient sometimes to have a Country Club, or any thing else that can be made a scapegoat for the weaknesses or incompatibility of people who discover too late that they are mismatched. We shall hear more of this, I dare say, when the case is aired in the courts. There is a little son, and the gossips are lavishing their sympathies on the child just now.

Distinguished Guests.

The opening of the Belasco Theater last Monday was followed by many supper parties, both at Levy's and the Angelus grill, and both were brilliant with smartly apprarelled people. I see that the Angelus has been entertaining several more distinguished persons from abroad this week. One of these is an interesting individual in the person of Kawannira,

a representative of the Japanese government, who is in California with a commission to investigate the oil situation. Kawannira is a miniature Pierpont Morgan of Japan, and aside from his interest in the oil business he owns several banks, is at the head of two or three mercantile concerns and identified with other business establishments of his own country. Andreas Bacigalupo, of the Argentine Republic, also has been a guest at the Angelus this week. He is an attache of the Argentine Republic embassy and a man of considerable consequence politically.

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Passionate Poetess's Guests.

Mrs. George Drake Ruddy since going East has remembered various of her Los Angeles friends by sending post cards on which are pictures of the places visited. Just now she and Mr. Ruddy are at the summer home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Short Beach, Conn. When Mrs. Ruddy was Ella Giles and lived in Wisconsin, she and Ella Wheeler were close friends and upon the occasion of the erotic poetess's visit to Los Angeles last year the Ruddys entertained her both in town and at their Ocean Park cottage. The Priestess of Passion, I hear, has been making life very pleasant for her Los Angeles friends at Short Beach. She has one of the most picturesque homes at that resort, her individuality of taste rendering it distinctive from the surrounding dwellings, but it is not the way of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to be strictly exclusive in her enjoyment of the pleasant things of life, and every summer she entertains many acquaintances at her Short Beach home. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddy, since going East, have visited the homes of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Mark Twain and other celebrities.

Heroic Bill Nevin.

If there is one feature of the coming Barlow Sanitarium fete calculated more than another, to attract giddy crowds, it is the contingent of male vaudeville artists who have promised to appear in decollete costumes. I hear Will Nevin has been persuaded to identify himself with the stars, or at least that he is considering the matter seriously. In a decollete bodice, and having an artificial curl or two to fall gracefully over his shapely shoulders, the friends of "Boo-tiful Billie" believe he will make the hit of the occasion, and seeing the force of arguments brought to bear along this line, it is said he has not the heart to deny the fete what assistance he can give. I scarcely know a firm or an individual in Los Angeles that is not interested in seeing the Barlow Sanitarium fund a success. The Los Angeles Electric Company is to furnish 800 lights which will be strung through the grounds, from booth to booth, and aside from these 800 Japanese lanterns, which have been donated, will be used. Canvas measuring 450 feet; lumber for a number of the departments, and various other necessities have been given, and through the generosity of

those able to help in this way, expenses of the fete will be reduced greatly. The profits, it is believed, will be large. I see that women of the decorating department have determined to wear dresses of plain white lawn, this style of dress having been decided upon as appropriate and inexpensive. The decorating committee, in this, takes a stand somewhat at variance with that of other women who are promoting interests of the fete, for, if my information is correct, a large sum will be expended upon costumes for the day and some exceedingly handsome gowns are to be seen. September 22 is not now far away and the days from now until that time will be busy ones for all the committees. Mrs. J. S. Slauson will have charge of the entrance to be known as "The Russian Gate," and there also will be a Japanese gate.

Entertained McLachlan.

Paul De Longpre recently entertained Congressman James McLachlan at lunch at the De Longpre home at Hollywood, and afterward escorted his guest through the suburb that is making Los Angeles famous. Mr. De Longpre, by the way, has placed his house at the disposal of the Chamber of Commerce committee which is entertaining visiting Knights Templars. Receptions especially for the Sir Knights will be held Saturday afternoon and evening, September 10.

Keep Your Ice Box Clean.

Medical journals have lately been announcing the approach of the ptomaine season. Southern California is a perpetual summer resort, and as I have previously pointed out every wise man and woman will be very careful about eating "tinned things" at any time. One of my medical contemporaries warns his readers that: "The ice box is the home of the ptomaine." The tired housewife is languid and confesses to no liking for the stove. She turns to the tinned cold meats, to the vegetable and to the salad possibilities.

It is in the proteid molecule that both ptomaine and its related poison, leucomaine, have their origin. In the albumens and meats of the larder these poisons have their homes. The decomposition of meats, milk and cheeses may give life to them in dangerous forms. Bacterial growths sometimes impart a de-



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H.W. HELLMAN BUILDING

In Splendid Quarters

Massive solidity and quietness and richness of furnishing are exemplified in the new quarters of the Security Savings bank, in the new H. W. Hellman building. This bank, the largest savings institution in California south of San Francisco, now occupies quarters commensurate with its standing in the banking world. How it has grown and the necessity for removal are shown in the increase of deposits. Eight years ago, on July 1, 1896, the deposits were \$832,000. On July 1 of 1904 they were \$7,150,000. The number of depositors has increased proportionately, that is to say, nine-fold.

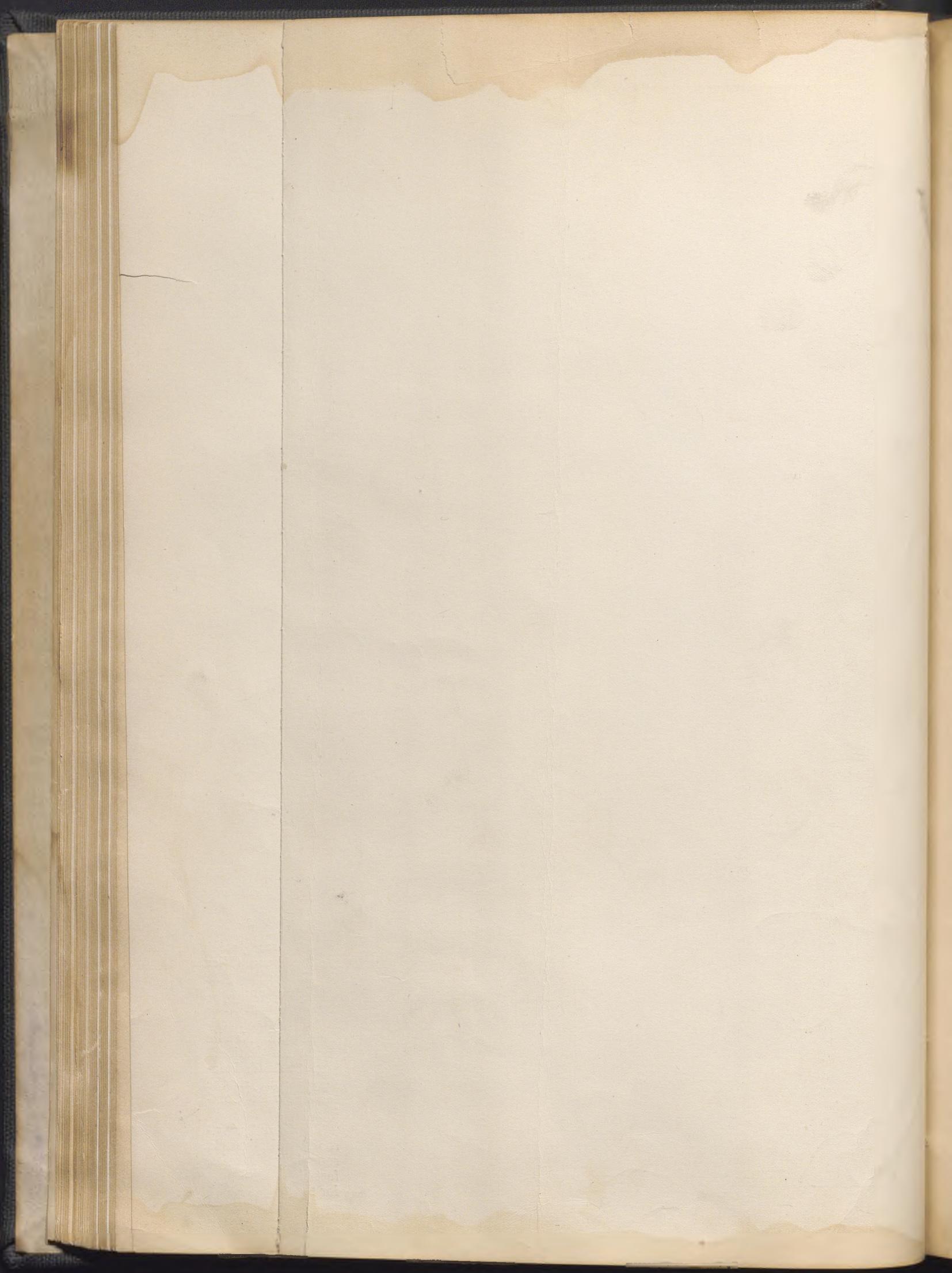
The Graphic illustrations show the main banking room and the women's department. The main room is 50 feet by 80 feet, and the lofty ceiling, 17½ feet high, insures ample ventilation and makes room for the great vaults which occupy about a quarter of

Supplement to Los Angeles Graphic, Sept. 3, 1904

The officers and directors of the bank are: Joseph F. Sartori (President); Maurice S. Hellman (Vice President); W. D. Longyear (Cashier); J. A. Graves (Vice President Farmers and Merchants' National Bank); H. W. Hellman (President Merchants' National Bank); W. L. Graves (Vice President Merchants' National Bank); T. E. Newlin (Vice President Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank); H. W. O'Melveny, J. H. Shankland, Henderson Hayward and William H. Allen, Jr., the President of the Title Insurance & Trust Company.

On July 1 the resources of the bank were \$7,685,330 and the only liabilities were: Capital stock, \$300,000; surplus and profits, \$231,827; deposits, \$7,153,503.





ceiving flavor to butter, cheese and other foods. But if in the bacterial growth there be plenty of oxygen, the poison of the ptomaine does not develop.

But where the supply of oxygen is limited, the developing ptomaines become dangerous in a week. Some of the germs may produce only painful forms of cholera morbus. Others kill their victims within a few hours. The usual index of the possibility of ptomaine poisons is mold. That found on meats, cheese, milk and bread needs careful watching. Food that shows mold should not be eaten. If the sense of smell is offended by it the article should be promptly thrown into the garbage can.

But even foods that offend none of the senses may be sometimes dangerous. Milk containing much animal heat and hurried to market through a hot sun may become deadly within six hours. If then made into ice cream the product has been known to kill like a pestilence.

To be kept clean, ice boxes should be aired and washed and scalded at least once a week.

Letter From London.

Dr. Lewis S. Thorpe, a well known specialist of Los Angeles and a trustee of the State Normal school, records some of his impressions of European travel in the following letter received this week:

"I am in the great American quarter (Russell Square)—living in a fairly typical boarding house, kept by a frowsy female. Everything is dirty—but on the whole it seems as good as any. Now and then I get desperate and go to the Cecil—or Simpson's—for a square meal, but I immediately subside and become a patient boarder again.

"Several Americans are here—and a great many have been here. Mrs. Frank Gibson and her son Hugh, Mrs. M. J. Frick, Mrs. Bradley, and two teachers from the High School all are here from Los Angeles.

"I have not been to see any of the sights except Parliament yet, but I hear all about them from my friends. They are taking in everything from the tower to the wax-works, and I get the cream of their impressions. Through a friend of the Gibsons I had a card to the House of Commons the other day, and heard a very interesting debate on the right of the prison authorities to cut women's hair before their trial. Two females had been cast into gaol and shorn—and then were discovered to be the wrong parties the following day. I listened to two hours' talking on this subject. The home secretary defended the action very gallantly, and five or six members jumped on him. I was amazed to hear such a trivial thing occupying the time of the House.

"But there is a tendency over here toward wasting time. When I go into a hospital office to pay a three guinea fee, I am kept waiting while the secretary counts a hatful of coppers. He had everything ready for the counting when I went in, and of course had to get it off his mind. So I waited fifteen minutes. I am not criticising the methods, but they don't strike me as good business.

"Since coming over I have been in Scotland and Germany most of the time. Spent a week in Holland, and another in Belgium, went down the Rhine, etc.

"Germany is a great country—they are on the keen jump in everything. Berlin is by all odds the cleanest and handsomest city I have seen; and the

Germans treat one well. Their Kaiser may or may not be nutty—but he certainly gets results. I had a fine time there and spent a part of it in the small towns. Couldn't speak the language at all, but made signs and got on all right.

Of course being a stranger I have been 'done' several times. The cabbies are the artists in this line, and nowhere are they so proficient as here in London. In Berlin they have a cyclometer which automatically fixes the price, and one never is held up, but here I have to learn from a sign-post the exact distance and fare, and hand the exact change up when the drive is finished. I soon learned that it was not profitable to learn any of these things from the cabby.

"I like it here very much indeed, and I cannot tell why. There is nothing particularly fine, and yet the combination possesses a curious charm. I think it must be the bigness of it, and the complex nature of life here.

"I have met some very good men here, and have been very courteously received. Times are hard over here. The Islands are carrying a fearful burden, and the Colonies are getting the best of everything. When you think that all the colonies together contribute only \$690,000 a year toward the vast expense of the army and navy you can see what a snap they enjoy. England foots the bills. And on top of all the other burdens come the clergy. The nobility is burden enough but they at least give the rate-payers a run for their money. There are fifty-seven in the clergy of St. Paul's Cathedral alone, and barely that many in the audience when I attended."

WHEN CELIA BATHES.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When Celia to the water doth repaire
For sportive bathing,
No simple flowing garment doth she wear
Of graceful swathing.

Her dress is of the newest Paris brand
Most ornamental—
A blending of the European and
The Oriental.

She wears, to keep her tresses from the wave,
A cap, and netting;
With dainty shoes upon her feet—to save
Those feet from wetting.

In skirt and bodice of a creamy serge
She meets the surges;
Or standing hesitant upon the verge
One foot she merges.

In playful mood she gambols with the tide,
Splashing it neatly;
If she went further in, you see, 'twould hide
Her dress completely.

If she should swim, the jealous waves would veil
Her sweet attire;
The braided girdle and the collar pale,
The vest inspiring.

The coolness of the water cannot kill
A stronger passion;
Why bathe at all unless one can fulfill
The laws of fashion?

CHARACTER SKETCHES

VII.
John J. Byrne.

The Lord loveth a cheerful countenance, and the Lord should be very fond of John Byrne. The adjective "genial" has long been overworked in connection with the Santa Fe's general passenger agent, but he should be grateful to his Irish ancestors that they transmitted to him the happy heart that characterizes his race. Geniality is no doubt a valuable asset in the constitution of a successful passenger man, but there are other and far more important qualifications, that have made J. J. Byrne invaluable to his company and a terror to his competitors. Many years ago, although Byrne today is only forty-five, he learned the tricks of his trade—or is it a profession?—for he started his business career when only fourteen years of age as messenger boy in the Great Western Railway offices. He has been working hard ever since and his industry is so intense that, when he returns from a trip across the continent, it takes two or three stenographers to keep up with his dictation. His mind is eminently alert—here, again, he owes something to the quick wits of the ould sod—and you will find an answer slipping from his tongue like greased lightning, whether his word decides the fate of a stalled excursion at the Grand Canyon, straightens out a difficult tangle in the Municipal League, supplies a prompt repartee to a josh or turns a pretty compliment to a maid.

I have said that Mr. Byrne's mental resources and energy are invaluable to the Santa Fe. He is one of that road's old guard in California, for he came to the coast with that road seventeen years ago and the favor of the Santa Fe in this community is largely due to Byrne's personal popularity. He has made hundreds of thousands of friends for the road by his tact and courtesy. Furthermore, his shrewdness and strategy in capturing and deploying parties of pilgrims whithersoever he and his road will—are they not the envy of "the enemy"? I have been told Byrne is a distinctly adroit player of the national game of poker; that he can "bluff" on occasion as well as the next man and that it is costly to see his hand. From a little narrative I heard a few weeks ago—how J. J. induced a big party of Filipino students to leave their S. P. nest at Santa Barbara and, under his wing, prove all the pleasures of the Santa Fe—I can well believe that those qualities of perception and judgment which generate a skillful poker-player are occasionally of great value even in the passenger department of a big railroad.

Mr. Byrne's railroad career is soon outlined, because like most valuable men, employers do not readily part with them. Like many of the most successful railroad men in the country, including in our own community, Arthur G. Wells, George A. Parkyns, the late John Muir, and Walter Barnwell, Byrne was born a "Canuck." Of course he reme-
died this indiscretion of his parents as soon as possible, and after the messenger service of his boyhood, he migrated to the United States, working first with

the Chicago and Alton in Chicago, and then in St. Louis with the S. L. I. M. and G. Ry. and the Missouri Pacific. He first came to the coast—to Portland, Oregon, with the O. R. and N., and commenced service with the Santa Fe in San Francisco just seventeen years ago; in 1887 he moved to Chicago, having his headquarters there till 1895, when he came to Los Angeles, where, Allah be praised! he has remained since. I say "remained," but, to the sorrow of his family and his friends, his duties constantly call him hither and thither across the continent and he spends a large proportion of his nights in a Pullman berth.

John Byrne is a name to conjure with in railroad circles; he is widely known and universally liked. He is as familiar a figure on State street, Chicago, as on Spring street, Los Angeles, and I fear—selfishly—that some day he will be drawn back into that vortex of railroad business by the promotion that inevitably awaits him.

Despite his strenuous duties, John Byrne has made time to cultivate the gentler lines of life. He was educated in the Canadian "separate" schools—while religion and language still separated Catholics from Protestants—"until," (to use his own words) "I found it necessary to secure more food for the body that the mental flame might not wane, when I started to work as messenger boy at the ripe age of fourteen." The regret of his life is that his education was foreshortened, "for," says he, "I have never been able to get away from this fascinating college" (of railroading) "and hope for my degree about 1964!" The grandest of all universities is the world itself, and John Byrne is an alumnus of many of its best schools. He is, indeed, a master of human nature and a doctor of the humanities. The deceiver will not counter the glint of his keen blue eye while the under-dog will get his help and sympathy if his cause be true. He knows his fellows. But Byrne, besides, has a nice taste for art and a keen love of letters. He will discuss with knowledge the merits of a sonnet, the shades of a painting or the sequence of a symphony. His library is select and his pictures artistic. His eye for art and his appreciation of letters have been responsible for novel and beautiful advertising effects adopted by the Santa Fe, and he is the recognized authority on the marvelous beauties that Nature has bestowed upon the piece de resistance of his road—the Grand Canyon.

There is a mystic side to his nature that perhaps it would be an impertinence to explore here. It is sufficient that, although a director of the Municipal League, he believes in the beauty of the present life and is an optimist. Like most thoughtful men he occasionally tries to penetrate the darkness and still retains his hope.

I had nearly forgotten to record the fact that John Byrne is one of the readiest and happiest public speakers in Los Angeles. He is inimitable as a toastmaster and can wield a skilful hammer with the gladdest of gladhands. He served a term as president of the Sunset Club and made a record even with the bright minds of that aristocracy of intellect.

He is a keen student of both political and domestic science. I imagine he belongs to no party and that he nourishes some radical theories, but of his devotion to his family there is no doubt.

JUNIUS.

OVER THE TEACUPS

Walter S. Newhall, president, and J. S. Valley, assistant secretary, of the California Club, left last Sunday for New York, accompanied by Capt. Albert Carlos Jones of the L. A. Furniture Co. Their mission is to purchase furniture for the new Club building at Fifth and Hill streets, which will be opened about November 1.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud are occupying a pretty bungalow in Monterey this summer, but are often seen at Del Monte, where both have many friends. Mr. Maud, formerly of Riverside and Los Angeles, again asserted his supremacy as a golfer the other day, defeating a big field, including all the best professionals on the coast, in the annual open championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association at Del Monte.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and the Misses Mills at Newport. Miss Roosevelt and the twin sisters are very intimate and they visited the President's daughter at the White House last winter. Miss Roosevelt is partial to yellow this summer, and wears some pretty frocks of that hue. At the recent Newport tennis tournament she wore a costume of pale yellow linen lawn which was trimmed with insertions of lace and completed by a large yellow mull hat.

Mrs. Purnell—Edith Terry that was—was at Santa Monica with her bridegroom, Dr. Purnell, U. S. A., the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, for a few days last week. Last Sunday Dr. and Mrs. Purnell left for San Francisco, where Dr. Purnell awaits orders. It is probable that the doctor will be ordered to the Philippines, where he has already served three years, in which event Mrs. Purnell will accompany him. Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Wiley Wells gave a tea in the pretty bride's honor. Dr. and Mrs. Purnell are at present at the Hotel Sequoia, San Francisco.

Miss Hilda Spong of the Henry Miller Company, was entertained in all her spare hours here. The Cosmo Morgans gave a dinner for her at the California Club and a theater party afterwards at "Mice and Men," in which the guest of honor was not acting. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Morgan gave a tea for Miss Spong at the Country Club, and on Sunday there was a swimming party in her honor at Santa Monica. Henry Miller and his bull-terrier, "Buster" had a race through the surf.

Mr. and Mrs. John Singleton, with the latter's sister, Miss Lillian Graham, contemplate leaving about November 1 for Europe.

Miss Henrietta Milner is to spend another winter abroad and will leave early next month for Germany to join her sister, Elsa, who is there studying. Miss Henrietta has no intention of applying herself to any specific study this year, but will devote her energies to enjoyment and travel. Mrs. John Milner

and her attractive daughters have been at Brighton Beach since early in the season but returned to town Thursday, and are again in their home 717 West Washington street. When the three sisters went abroad last year Mrs. Milner and Miss Henrietta gave up their home temporarily for the diversion of hotel life. It was expected that Miss Clara would accompany her sister to Europe, but I believe there is nothing definite about this. A large reception is to be given by Mrs. Milner for her daughter Henrietta, before the latter starts on her travels. By the way, I see that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carson have taken a house in town for the winter. Mrs. Carson, before her marriage a few seasons ago, was Daisy Cross, and is a sister of Mrs. Ferd K. Rule. She had been with the Milners at Brighton Beach this summer, the sea air having been prescribed as a remedy for indifferent health. Mrs. Carson has practically recovered her accustomed vitality, although she is not naturally robust. Both the Carsons and the Rules contemplate considerable entertaining this winter.

ANASTASIA.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Bishop Johnson, who is still in Europe, has taken the house of Dr. Jarvis Barlow, 2317 South Figueroa street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman W. Hellman and family have returned from their Alhambra ranch to 958 South Hill street.

Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard and little daughters are at home again at 2317 South Figueroa after a ten days' stay at Miramar. Mr. Oxnard returned from San Francisco Tuesday.

Mrs. B. R. Baumgardt has so far recovered from a very critical illness as to be able to take a trip to Catalina last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones returned to the Van Nuys Monday, with the satisfaction that they had made the Santa Barbara summer festivities a complete success. They leave next week for an eastern tour, the principal object of which is to establish Miss Nina Jones in college at Bryn Mawr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barnwell are at Coronado this week. Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop returned from the southern hostelry Monday.

Mrs. J. F. Francis and Miss Guadalupe Dominguez are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Cohn, of 1144 O'Farrel street, San Francisco, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude M., to Harry S. Goldberg, of Los Angeles.

Miss Mariedna Snell, of Berkeley, is the guest of Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, of South Flower street.

Mrs. Jane Wilshire, of San Francisco, is expected home from her eastern visit early in October. Miss Mamie Newhall left San Francisco this week with her mother, to remain at school in New York all winter.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and J. Downey Harvey were in town this week.

Mrs. Mary Longstreet has been Mrs. Hancock Banning's guest at Descanso, Avalon.

Miss Marie Moore of Chillicothe, O., returned home Monday, after a five weeks' visit at her aunt's, Mrs. W. C. Patterson.

Dr. M. L. Moore, his son, Dr. Clarence, and Miss Lillian Moore returned this week from a holiday in the north.

Mrs. John Milner and daughters have returned to their Washington street home, after a summer outing at Terminal Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frederickson have taken a cottage at Terminal Island for the next three weeks.

Mrs. M. Burton Williamson and the Misses Williamson have returned from Terminal Island.

Mrs. Nathan W. Stowell, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. A. Rivers, has gone to Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, for a short stay. Mrs. Stowell returned not long ago from the northern part of the state, where she had been since early in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd K. Rule are entertaining Mrs. Charles Phipps, of San Francisco. While Mrs. Phipps is in Los An-

geles she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd W. Moultrie, of Rampart street, dividing her time with the Moultries and the Rules.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edgar Llewelyn expect soon to go to San Francisco for a pleasure trip.

Ex-senator and Mrs. Stephen M. Dorsey have returned from a trip to Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seymour, of Redondo, were with them there. The latter and Miss Seymour are now at San Rafael attending the tennis tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stimson have returned to their home in Seattle, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, of Los Angeles.

Letters, recently received by friends in Los Angeles, announce that Mrs. Felix C. Howes, Miss Clara Howes, Miss Bird Chanslor, Miss May Newton and Miss Winifred Llewelyn are now in Germany. The party has been traveling tbroad since early in the year.

Mrs. I. B. Newton is in Munich, Bavaria.

Miss Florence Porter, the daughter of Mrs. Florence Porter, has been visiting at Brighton Beach.

Mrs. John L. Sehon, of San Diego, is in Los Angeles visiting Mrs. James H. Rollins, of 2717 Severance street. Before her return she will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Rollins, who are spending the heated term at Redondo. Mrs. Sehon is a sister of Hamilton Rollins.

Miss Bertha Ducommun has gone to San Francisco, and thence will travel east, going to the Fair at St. Louis, and then on to the Atlantic coast, where she will visit friends.

Mrs. William Bayly has returned to her home in Chester Place, after visiting Mrs. B. L. Harding at Ocean Park. The Hardings are occupying their Ocean Park cottage, "Lawihaba Bungalow."

Miss Jessie York has returned from Stanford, where she went to attend the summer session at the University. She is with her parents, Judge and Mrs. York, who occupy a cottage at Brighton Beach this season.

Mr and Mrs. William Mead, when last heard from, were at Carlabad, Bavaria.

E. S. Sullivan, local representative of the Standard Oil Co., left Tuesday on an eastern trip. Mr. Sullivan will call at "No. 26" Broadway, New York, before his return, and his ample proportions may be needed to defend Messrs. Rockefeller and Rogers from Tom Lawson's fiery philippics on "Frenzied Finance."

Newton H. Foster, purchasing agent of the Salt Lake railroad, has terminated his enforced bachelordom. Mrs. Foster arrived from San Francisco Wednesday, and they have taken a house at 661 Burlington avenue.

Miss Dorothy Groff is visiting her sister, Mrs. William M. Jenkins, in London, England.

Mrs. Plater and Miss Waddilove have gone down to the Bolsa Chica Gun Club to inhale the sea breezes.

The Sutton sisters, Miss Gabrielle Dobbins, Miss Fanny Shoemaker and Miss Anna Jones are attending the San Rafael tennis tournament. Among the male contingent from Southern California are R. Overton, the Donnell brothers, Trow Hendrick, Sinsabaugh, Bob Variel, Claude Wayne, Ralph Noble and H. F. Elliott.

Wieland Extra Pale



AL LEVY'S Cherished Silver.

When Al Levy returned from England a short time ago he brought with him a splendid piece of silver and cut glass which graced the table at the last gathering of the Sunset Club. Mr. Levy, it will be remembered, went abroad solely to attend the golden wedding anniversary of his father and mother. For over thirty years his father was prominent in Jewish affairs of the city of Liverpool. In 1881 the father was presented with this handsome ornament in recognition of his services to the Hope Place Synagogue.

The ornament was much admired by the Sun-setters and Al Levy is justly proud of it.

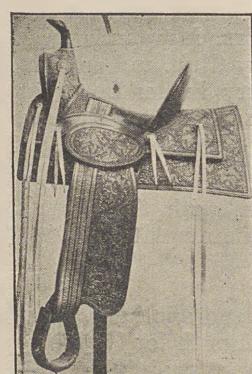
Samuel C. Foy

Saddlery
and
Harness

Horse Blankets, Whips, Lap
Robes, Silver Inlaid
Spanish Bits
and Spurs

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Los Angeles, Cal.



ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents

Phone Main 488

On the Stage and Off

Fred Belasco's theater, built in ninety days, flashed its twenty-two hundred lights upon a most friendly audience for the first time last Monday night. It is the cosiest play-house in town; it gives 1280 people most comfortable seats; there is no advertising curtain abomination, and the general scheme of color, green, gold and cream, is as restful as it is artistic. Belasco knows his business.

I do not intend to gauge the merits of the Belasco stock company by the performance of "The Wife," given at the premiere. The majority of the company were palpably suffering from nervousness and have not yet attained the team work of a baseball nine that is Fred Belasco's standard. Nevertheless, despite the nervousness and despite the rather dreary conventionalities with which David Belasco and Mr. de Mille have visited upon "The Wife" and upon us, there was sufficient evidence of talent to assure anyone that the company will "make good."

Adele Block, I am satisfied, did not do her San Francisco reputation justice; her work was too stilted to be spontaneous. Her gowns attracted most attention. They startled me. First, a flashing emerald green and then an ox-blood red, both without any relief and cut a la Mrs. Leslie Carter's Zaza petticoatless costumes. I shall certainly wait to pass judgment on Miss Block, for, as yet, her gowns impressed me most.

Martin Alsop, already elevated to matinee girls' idolatry, came off his perch in the third act and gave us living flesh and blood instead of an animate fashion-plate worked by Delsarteian strings. Apparently Mr. Alsop was overwhelmed by the senatorial dignity he had to assume for throughout the first two acts he didn't dare to relax his chin from its starch environment or his back-bone from the rigid lines of his dress coat. I have it, however, on good authority that Mr. Alsop is an admirable actor and I shall live in hopes.

Four of the company made the performance interesting: Oza Waldrop, the most irresistible ingenue that we have seen for many a long day; Richard Vivian, juvenile, who played well up to Miss Waldrop—both need to chasten their exuberance occasionally; George W. Barnum, who is also stage director, in a thoroughly skilful character delineation of the peppery Major, and Howard Scott, who was last seen here with Miss Roberts, in the difficult part of Culver, which was so effective that although cast as the hated vill-i-an he was rewarded with one of the most generous "hands" during the evening.

I rejoice to see little Fay Wallace in such good company; I have not forgotten the talent she proved while still in Dobinson's school; she has a future before her and Fred Belasco knows how to mould it.

Los Angeles hails the Belasco advent with gratitude; but are we big enough to digest three stock companies in our midst?

The revival of "The Henrietta" at the Burbank is delightful and its success must be gratifying to all concerned, particularly to young Mestayer, who, resurrected from his sun-tomb in "Ghosts," incarnates Stuart Robson's Bertie most happily. The

entire company, indeed, is seen at its best in this admirable play. Miss Gardner's widow is a brilliant bit of work and Mr. Woodward finds in "Old Nick a role that still fits him as well as when he succeeded Crane with Robson. Do most of us appreciate what a capital company Mr. Morosco has gathered together? A friend of mine in Henry Miller's company was assuring me the other day that there is not a better character actor in the country than Oberle, and I believe him. Once more his make-up as Lord Arthur is simply inimitable. Mr. Morosco has made a "ten-strike" in securing the coast rights of "Henrietta" and I sincerely hope he has a lot of good plays up his sleeves; with the competition that Brother Belasco will give him, he will need them.

Walter C. Kelly is the best monologuist Mr. Meyerfeldt has sent to the Orpheum in many a long day. He is equally a master of the Irish and of the Southern dialect. Emmet Devoy and company present a fair bundle of nonsense called "The Saintly Mrs. Millings." The Madcaps still provide an attractive feature of a bill well up to the average.

I have received an ecstatic note on blood-red paper from my friend, Domenico Russo. It commenced "Oh box of joy! I am going to be married Monday evening, August 29th to Miss Frances Mandler, and on Tuesday morning my wife and I leave for Denver, Kansas City and New Orleans." Russo believes that in his bride and pupil he has found a contralto that will surpass Scalchi and Schumann-Heink, while, as for Collamarini—bah, bah, bah! Nous verrons.

New York's Theaterland began to stir in earnest last week. Among the early crop of new plays are "Military Mad," a farce adapted from the German by Leo Ditrichstein at the Garrick, Mr. Ditrichstein himself playing a German lieutenant; "The Isle of Spice," a piquant musical mixture, with Herbert Cawthorne and Alice Yorke at the Majestic; "Jack's Little Surprise," a new farce by Louis Egan, produced by J. K. Hackett at the Princess; "The White Tigress of Japan," a stirring melodrama at the American, while Al Leach and "The Three Rosebuds," who are well known here, are being given a New York trial by Wm. A. Brady at the Fourteenth Street Theater. Among this week's openings were William Collier at the Criterion in "The Dictator"; "The County Chairman" at Wallack's and Charles Frohman presents Edna May in "The School Girl" at Daly's. Tomorrow the Belasco re-opens with "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Next week will begin with John Drew in "The Duke of Killiecrankie" at the Empire, Denman Thompson's revival of "The Old Homestead" at the New York and the new Rogers Brothers farce at New Amsterdam.

R. H. C.

CALIFORNIA CUES.

Harry Cashman, the comedian who is very well known here, made a hit this week with the Neill Company as Rake in "Under Two Flags" at the Grand, San Francisco.

Mary Van Buren and her mother, Mrs. Haynes, were due to sail from Durban, South Africa, yesterday, September 2, for a tour in the Mediterranean

and visits to London and Paris. Miss Van Buren has been T. Daniel Frawley's leading woman continuously for five years.

Florence Roberts made her reappearance at the California Theater this week, opening her engagement in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." While the critics are unanimous in pronouncing that Miss Roberts is not Mrs. Fiske, the popular little actress seems to have borne off a very fair share of honors.

We are soon to see Jessie Millward, the noted English actress, at the Orpheum. Miss Millward will appear in a powerful one act drama "A Queen's Messenger," written by J. Hartley Manners, of the Henry Miller Co., who was also here a few months ago with Virginia Harned in "Iris." Mr. Manners besides being a very serviceable actor, is the author of several successful plays, notably, "The Crossways," in which Mrs. Langtry toured this country a year or so ago.

Oliver Morosco will open San Francisco's handsome new theater on Market street, "The Majestic," this (Saturday) evening, with a strong stock company playing "In the Palace of the King." Grace Reals, who gave us a taste of her talent at the Burbank a week or so ago, is the leading woman, and J. H. Grenmore is the leading man. Eleanor Gordon, whose earnest work at the Grand with the Ulrich Stock Company won her unstinted praise, is one of Morosco's recruits. Robert Morris will stage the productions. The theater is owned by Col. James B. Lankershim of this city.

The California aggregation of Weber-Fieldians, including our own Barney Bernard and other Casino favorites, enjoyed a most successful season of seven weeks in Honolulu and opened to an immense house in Sydney.

Nance O'Neil has bought a home at Tyngsboro, a few miles south of Lowell, Mass. She owns more than 200 acres of land and a mansion of twenty-five rooms; also several horses, three parrots, five bull-terriers and an Angora cat. This prophetess of the drama was not known in her own country and had to go to Boston for proper appreciation. Nance, from a most impecunious position a year ago, has now enough money to insure "Papa" McKee Rankin's comfortable old age.

That eminent and most popular comedian, L. R. Stockwell, one of California's old-timers, will be at the Mason shortly, in "The Hon. John North," a political comedy by Herbert Bashford. Mr. Bashford who formerly was librarian of the state of Washington, has spent two summers at Santa Monica with his family and now intends to take up his permanent residence in Monrovia.

Charles Erin Verner, author of "Robert Emmet," which is to be produced at the Burbank next week, is in the city. Mr. Verner wrote his Irish play some years ago while sojourning in Samoa. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

TRUSTY TIPS TO THEATER-GOERS.

Mosroco's Burbank. The Morosco Stock Company will leave "The Henrietta" with regret Saturday evening to produce an entirely new play, fresh from the pen of a peripatetic Irishman, Charles Erin Verner, and dealing with the inspiring theme of the martyr, Robert Emmet. Mr. Verner's play is promised a fair show by this excellent stock company.

Belasco's. Next Monday night for the first time in Los Angeles, Grace Livingston Furniss' successful comedy, "Mrs. Jack" will be the bill. This is the play in which Alice Fisher appeared with so much success at Wallack's Theater last season. "Mrs. Jack," is an extreme picture of New York society life and also of the western woman. "Mrs. Jack," with her western breeziness, will be played by Adele Block, while Martin L. Alsop will be her stage chum. Adele Belgarde a capable actress who formerly played the part of a typical Gotham society leader in "Mrs. Jack," will appear in her original part.

Orpheum. Max Heinrich and his daughter Julia, will lead the bill next week. Julia can sing and Max can draw more music out a piano accompaniment than any man living; his own voice is somewhat threadbare but he is an artist to his finger tips. Treloar, formerly a Harvard oarsman, will appear as "the most perfectly developed man," and will be assisted by Edna Tempest in their act "The Awakening Statute." Another newcomer will be Miss Daisy Harcourt, a young Australian comedienne. The holdovers will be Walter C. Kelly who has convulsed audiences all this week; Emmett Devoy & Co. in their farce; Little & Pritzkow, the singing comedians; Lowe, the musical artist and the juggling Barretts. Special matinees are announced for Labor Day, (Monday) and for Admission Day (Friday).

Grand. "Lost in New York" is the stirrer promised next week. Among other scenes in the play are Blackwell's Island and Madison Square Garden. The same sad old story is told of a maiden's vicissitudes in escaping the persecutions of the villain and his accomplices. There will be a special Labor Day matinee on Monday. This week there is no shooting until the last curtain, which is bad for the gum sale, as patrons only swallow their gum simultaneously with the cracking of firearms. I hope it is true that Manager Drown intends to give Miss Maxwell a chance in "Camille" before the season closes.

Casino. "The Circus Clown," Offenbach's operatic conceit, will be sung by the Olympians for the first time Sunday afternoon. A special Labor Day matinee is also announced. This composition as far as I can remember, has never before been heard in Los Angeles; it will compare favorably with the modern musical comedy, for there is plenty of music in it and the comedians may be relied upon to introduce twentieth century stunts.

STARS, ET AL.

Joseph Brooks has a play by George R. Sims on the poem he wrote years ago, "'Ostler Joe."

Henry W. Savage has decided to open "The College Widow" in Washington September 12th.

Amelia Bingham has engaged Charles Richman to be her leading man for her stock company.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have begun their rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

Sybil Carlisle is to play leads with William Gillette. She has been appearing in London with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore.

Marie Wainwright was mistaken for Mrs. Flor-

ence Maybrick on the Minnehaha, which reached New York last week. Miss Wainwright's veil caused the trouble.

Jefferson de Angelis is to have a new production this year entitled "Fantana." De Angelis will have in his support Adele Ritchie, Julia Sanderson and Katie Barry.

Ada Rehan will begin her tour November 10th as a member of the Shubert forces. Robert Lorraine will be seen as her leading support. Miss Rehan will present "The Taming of the Shrew," "School for Scandal" and "The Country Girl."

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will begin their joint starring tour next Monday, presenting for the first time in English the three-act comedy from the German, entitled, "Taps."

Fritz Williams has been re-engaged by Charles Frohman for the coming season for the production of Pinero's "Letty," in which William Faversham is to appear. Mr. Williams will play the part of Richard Perry, created in London by Dion Boucicault.

Trixie Friganza, the comedienne who played the pretty widow in "The Prince of Pilsen" here last season, recently returned to the United States from London, where she made a success in the same part.

Kyrle Bellew, who has just arrived from Europe and will be seen shortly in "Raffles" at the Mason, is authorized to make a contract for Mrs. James Brown Potter to appear in vaudeville.

John Mason, who is well known in Los Angeles, having headed a stock company at the Burbank three years ago, is to be "starred" this season. He will have for leading lady Eva, daughter of Robert Grau, the manager who induced Patti to revisit America last season.

John Drew's season at the Empire Theater, New York, will begin next Monday. He will be seen in "The Duke of Killiecrankle," the new comedy by Robert Marshall.

Truly Shattuck, who was at the Orpheum a few weeks ago and did not command success, has been engaged to appear in George M. Cohan's "Little Johnnie Jones," which will be seen at the New York Theater in October. She will have the part of Florabelle Fly, a San Francisco newspaper reporter. Miss Shattuck knew all about California reporters a few years ago, when she awoke to a tragedy in her rooms.

Annie Russell will not appear till the end of October in her new play "Brother Jacques." Miss Russell is spending her vacation at Pemaquid Harbor, Me., very happily with her bridegroom, Oswald Yorke.

May Robson has gone into vaudeville with a little sketch entitled "Checkers."

FROM THE WINGS.

Are we to have an Augustus Thomas coming out of the West with another "Arizona" this season? asks William Bullard in the New York Press. Small likelihood of that. Instead, a plethora of wishy-washy musical comedies is promised, with big-legged, big-pompadoured choruses, with librettos suggesting all the successes of a generation past, and with scores echoing the strains that long ago rang through Paris and London.

Except to the geniuses in management—men like E. D. Stair, Klaw & Erlanger, Kirke La Shelle, Henry W. Savage and a few (precious few) others, the theatrical business is mostly a gamble, says the

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Detroit Free Press. If the brick stays up they win; if it drops with a dull thud, the sound of its tumbling is ominous of the gambling manager's fate. There is no other field of supposedly honorable dealing in which reckless scoundrelism, untruth, disregard of commercial decency and honor, and airy pooh-poohing of obligation so generally obtain as in the business of theatrical speculation.

W. Davenport Adams, who died recently, left the "Dictionary of the Drama," on which he had been engaged a long time, in such a state that its early completion is assured. One volume is already in type, and will be published in the autumn.

Georgette L. Blanc, the brilliant actress, who two years ago became the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, has just published a book, "The Choice of Life." It is in the form of a story, and is described as remarkable for its poetical sentiment. Love of beauty and harmony and a demand for freedom of thought for women are the main characteristics of the book.

Arnold Daly, telling of his desire to produce Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," says: "It is a wonderful play. As it is written, it would take two evenings to give it, but that objection is not insurmountable. There are some situations in the play, however, which would be rather trying. For instance, Ibsen has Peer Gynt leave the stag at the end of one act with a girl who is riding a pig. When he conceived the situation, Ibsen didn't worry about finding the actress who could ride a pig, or the pig which would be ridden. Mere trifles like that never entered his head, but I imagine that the producer might find some trouble."

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All Same Melican Lovesclape.

By Wung Wun Lung.

Every city on the Pacific Coast containing six or seven thousand people and upward has its Chinatown, and every Chinatown has its romance; for there are Armand Duvals and Claude Melnottes and there are Camilles and Paulines in all these Mongolian communities. Many a highbinder lurks around the dark places seeking the life of some rival merchant or Adonis and many a disconsolate lover has taken a short cut to hades by the strychnine route.

There was once a Chinaboy who had set his affections on a girl—the property of an avaricious old pagan—who was prepossessing and "vely nice," according to Hop Lee, the Chinaboy aforesaid. Hop had saved enough money to go into the business of raising garden truck on the sewer-skirts of Los Angeles, and in an unfortunate hour his tender affections had been led captive by this new importation from the Flowery Kingdom, and he reciprocated her tenderness with all the ardor of brassy and impasioned manhood.

But it was necessary to their unalloyed happiness that Hop should redeem this second-hand fairy from the clutches of the ogre who claimed her as his property.

So the chivalrous hero of this romance toiled and saved and put the biggest strawberries on the tops of his boxes, until, by incessant industry and great economy, he had accumulated \$300 toward her ransom. But the owner wanted just twice that insignificant sum. She was a fancy piece of property and the owner declared that she must bring a fancy price. To get \$600 together, the lover reasoned, would take at least another year, if not more. Then, again, she might be sent away. Or, good Heavens! she might meet some other Romeo who had a sufficiency of sheckels and who might marry her at the drop of the handkerchief. At any rate, procuring the other \$300 by work was out of the question, and the hinges of the lower regions were effulgence itself compared to the cimmerian vapor which engulfed their entangled hearts.

Just one ray of sunshine, however, came from the dark clouds that seemingly gave the lovers no hope. In the labyrinths of "De Ate" there lived a terrible beast, whose conquest would result in wealth and glory to the successful antagonist.

Animated, no doubt, by the maxims that "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Fortune favors the brave," our audacious lover sallied out in the direction of the lair of the beast with fifteen twenties in his pockets. Melican owner of the tiger awfully polite to heathen Chinee upon all such occasions and quickly shoved him a stack of dollar chips and took his first twenty in out of the wet.

The rest is briefly told. John lost all but his honor, and he would have lost that could he have hypothecated it for another score of composition ivories. He then acquainted his dulcinea with his unsuccessful attack upon the beast aforesaid, and quickly afterward hung himself in a cellar of the ogre, and simultaneously the poor girl tolled the knell of her woe by a cup of cold poison that laid her out as stiff in death as if she had been an understudy of Mrs. Leslie Carter, or had been accidentally hit in the abdomen by the iconoclastic Werdin's unnecessary automobile.

In the Musical World

Season tickets to the Los Angeles Symphony concerts were ready for distribution to subscribers last Monday. Judging from the enthusiasm with which old friends of the orchestra are looking forward to the first concert, the musicians will receive a hearty welcome. Many new subscribers also have been added to the list of those taking season tickets. Practice for the initial concert has begun, and Director Harley Hamilton is exerting his best efforts to maintain the high standard set for the orchestra. Especial attention will be given this season to providing soloists of established merit.

"When I was a boy in Washington," said John Philip Sousa, "there was an old Scottish musician with whom I played now and then. One afternoon I ran through for this old gentleman a new waltz of my own composition. 'Well, sir,' I said when I had finished, 'what do you think of that?' 'It carries me back to the home land, laddie' said the old man. 'It carries me back to a day when I played at an entertainment in a Scottish lunatic asylum. My instrument was the fiddle, and after I had ended my fiddle solo the head of the institution said to an aged lunatic on the front row: 'Weel, Saunders, how did ye like that, man?' 'Saunders answered, frowning at me: 'It's a guid thing we're a daft here.'"

Preparations for the Hendricks benefit concert are well under way, and September 20 has been set for the event. Charles T. Hendricks, for whom the concert is to be given, has for several months been with his mother in Los Angeles. He is a musician of more than ordinary ability and for years had been singing in comic opera. He was with "The Burgomaster" Opera Company, when his sight began to fail, and his eyes gave him so much trouble that he finally was obliged to leave the company. His readiness to assist at charitable and social events since coming to Los Angeles has won for him many friends who are anxious to see the benefit a success. Mrs. Fred Dorn is at the head of the movement and other popular musicians will take part. Mr. Hendricks himself will be heard in several numbers.

Fritzi Scheff, the operatic prima donna, has coined a new and expressive musical phrase. During a rehearsal of her new opera, "The Two Roses," the other day she finished a somewhat intricate song, and then with a little exclamation of impatience she turned to Ludwig Englander, the composer, and said: "I cannot sing this song that has a tail to it." Mr. Englander stopped aghast, his baton raised in the air, and the chorus and principals tittered audibly. "I don't care. I cannot say what I mean any other way. Your song finishes and then there is a little extra flourish that means nothing and gets me what you call rattled. Please,

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Herr Englander, cut off this tail of this song." The composer smiled indulgently. "Very well," he said, "I will amputate it. And in the future I will write no more zoological music."

When Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand goes East in the fall, Los Angeles will lose a musician who has added much to the pleasure of many social gatherings here in the past year. Mrs. Rand is the Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Higgins of Wilshire Boulevard. She came here for a visit, expecting to remain only a short while, but her stay has been lengthened until she has acquired a large circle of fresh acquaintances. She has a graceful gift of song and besides this plays the harp with great skill. Mrs. Rand, while in no sense a professional, has won complimentary notices from the press throughout the country and while her husband was living, the two were frequently heard together in concert. Mr. Rand's favorite instrument was the cello, and he was an artist of no mean ability. Mrs. Rand has at length decided that she must return East with the opening of the fall. Mrs. Sheldon Borden and her mother, Mrs. M. C. Burnett of South Hope street, give a musicale in her honor this (Fri-

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Application has been made by James Walker, Jr., formerly the Boston transfer agent of the Santa Fe Railroad, for an absolute divorce from his wife, Blanche Ring, on the ground of desertion, extending over a period of three years, says the New York Times. Mrs. Walker is the actress who made "In the Good Old Summer Time" a household melody. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ring of 16 Gaston street, Roxbury. Mrs. Ring said that she believed Blanche had sacrificed her home for her art, and said she was sorry for Mr. Walker, who was a very devoted husband. "It is all very simple," said Blanche Ring at her apartments at the Chicago Beach Hotel, in regard to the suit for divorce. "I left Mr. Walker seven years ago, and have not seen him or hear from him since. I suppose that's desertion, isn't it? I have been calling myself Blanche Ring now for seven years." Miss Ring is said to be contemplating matrimony with George Evans who wrote "Ma Honey Boy."

Carl Cram, a popular musician from the North is coming to Los Angeles to assist local talent at the Barlow Sanitorium fete. Music is to be made a feature of the event and the committee on arrangements is sparing no effort to secure good attractions. Mr. Cram will help to form a quartet, the other members of which are to be Harry Clifford Lott, Charles Edson and Jack Gregg. This quartet is to pass from place to place through the grounds as the wandering minstrels, and singing plantation and other ditties. Arend's orchestra will be on hand to furnish a promenade concert from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. and this orchestra also will play for the dancing.

That Sousa's band is to be one of the musical attractions here this fall is pleasing to friends of this organization. The concert tour which Sousa is just about to begin will make his twenty-fifth semi-annual trip of this nature, and it is his seventh trans-continental enterprise.

Music by a Swedish quartet was rendered Monday evening at a reception given in Hotel Elgin for state, county and city officers of the W. C. T. U. Miss Helen Page, violinist, Mrs. Gertrude Allen Long and Miss Eugenie Montgomery, vocalists, contributed to the program.

Edwin Clark has returned from his summer vacation, spent at the mountains, and is ready for his fall work.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rubo, who passed their vacation at Glen Alpine Springs and Lake Tahoe, have returned home.

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"What do you think of 'Sartor Resartus?'" asked Mrs. Oldcastle, as she turned away with a sigh from the splendid set of Carlyle's works. "Well, I don't know as I ever heard of him," replied her hostess. "He ain't that man that balances things on his nose at the Orpheum, is he?"

Financial

BONDS.

Mayor Frary of San Diego, has received word from E. H. Rollins & Sons of Chicago, that they are ready to take up the balance of the city improvement bonds. Entire issue is for \$330,000.

The South Mountain Water Co. of Redlands, has filed a deed of trust on its property to secure a bond issue of \$45,000 for improvements and indebtedness.

At a meeting of the Whittier City Council, a resolution was passed for proposed bond issue for purchase of 1000 motors to cost \$7 each.

At a special meeting of the Pasadena Board of Education, an election date was fixed for September 22 for voting on an issue of \$70,000 school improvement bonds.

An election will be called at once at Downey for the purpose of voting on an issue of \$20,000 for a high school building.

A petition will be presented to the City Trustees of Long Beach Monday, asking them to call an election to vote bonds for a municipal water plant.

By a vote of 233 to 35, the people of Escondido voted to dissolve the irrigation district, which was necessary to legalize the taking up of the bonded indebtedness on compromise basis of \$228,000. \$200,000 is to go to the H. W. Putman interests, while \$28,000 is for taking up a few scattering bonds and making the necessary repairs upon the flumes.

Bids for the issue of school bonds for the Cerritos district for \$5,000 have been opened and award made to Oakland Bank of Savings at \$93 premium. Ocean Park school bonds were awarded to H. C. Rogers for \$10,000, \$206 premium.



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H. F. Moore, president of the First National Bank of Crockett, Tex., is visiting the family of his brother-in-law, W. C. Patterson.

W. T. S. Hammond, cashier of the First National Bank, has gone East to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers Association at New York. Mr. Hammond is one of the four delegates from California.

The North American Trust Company has been incorporated by Philip L. Wilson, F. Rosenheim, James R. Collins, John W. Kemp and Lloyd A. Collins, all of Los Angeles. The capital stock is \$500,000.

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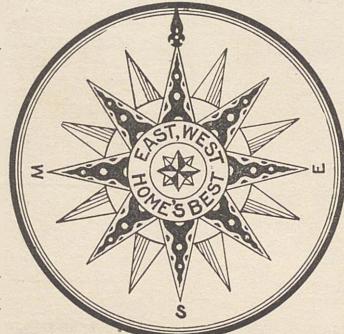
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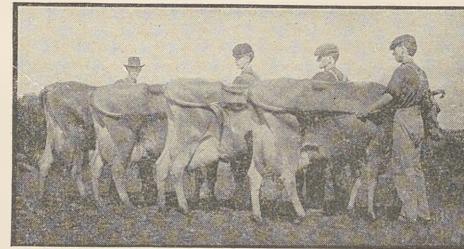
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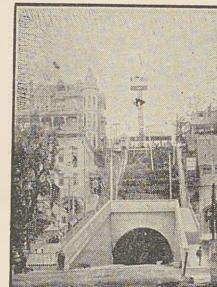
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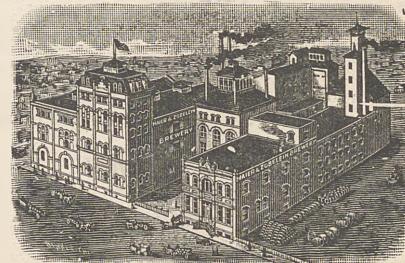
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